

R A M B L E IX.



GOOD morning to you, Miss Charlotte and Master Billy. You are very good children; for there is no occasion to call you up on a morning. This looks as if you were fond of the instructions I give you, and will induce me to take the more pains with you; for it is a pleasure to instruct good children.

children. Come, then, let us take a ramble over these fields.

How happy those horses seem to be! They skip and dance about, and think not of the toils and fatigues of the day, which they have to go through. Though they now skip and dance about in this manner in the field, yet as soon as the harness shall be put on, they will be quiet and peaceable, and obedient to the commands of the driver.

You have often, my dear children, heard me say, that custom is a very powerful thing. Had not custom dignified the lion with the awful title of the *King of the Beasts*, reason would undoubtedly have bestowed it upon the horse.

The lion has certainly no right to such a title, he being rather an usurper and a tyrant; for he makes no other use of his power, than either to devour his subjects, or inspire them with horror and amazement. It has, indeed, been said of the lion,